For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-Towne, our common judgement place.
Once more on paine of death all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mount. Who ſet this ancient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approach;
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt* with his ſword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſs'd him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchanging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt ſunne
Peerd forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled minde drave me to walke abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamore
That Weſtward rooteth from this City ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your Sonne:
Tow'rds him I made; but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelfe,
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunn'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there been ſeene,
With teares augmenting the freſh mornings dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighes,

But

But all ſo ſoone as th
Should in the farthe
The ſhadie curtaine
Away from light ſte
And private in his c
Shuts up his window
And makes himſelfe
Blacke and portendo
Unleſſe good counſe
Ben. My noble u
Moun. I neither
Ben. Have you in
Moun. Both by m
But he his owne affe
Is to himſelfe (I will
But to himſelfe ſo ſe
So farre from ſoundi
As is the bud bit wi
Ere he can ſpread hi
Or dedicate his beau
Could we but learne
We would as willin

Ben. See where h
'Ile know his grieva
Moun. I would t
To heare true ſhrift

Benvol. Good m
Rom. Is the day
Ben. But new ſtro
Rom. Ay me, ſad
Was that my father
Ben. It was: wha
Rom. Not having
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of love?